

# Canibus Lyrics

"Yeng Meng"

*[Chorus: Canibus]*

Niggaz runnin' around like, "what did he say?"

    All day, everyday, "what did he say?"

Everybody want to know, "what did you say?"

*[Verse: Canibus]*

Yo, I don't want to waste no lyrics talkin' about you

    Just let my body die and rot in hell why don't you

    You asked the same question, I already told you

    I'm a lyricist, I do what I'm supposed to do

You ever wonder what Hip-Hop would have been without me?

    I'm six albums deep, somebody is thinkin' about me

    Whether it's good or bad, yo, I can't control it

    A nigga's opinion belongs to him; I can't own it

    I microphone this with my own way of doin' things

    All my rhymes really do is provoke you to think

People don't care about your passion when they comin' at you

    All they ever see is record sales and dollar value

    What the fuck does it matter what I'm rappin' to?

    I can rhyme acapella and attract the youth

    If you want to compromise, we can do that too

    But I ain't never in the mood to drink no wack juice

    The bottom line is I need a bigger budget

    Advertising is how you program the public

    People don't have to understand to love somethin'

As long as they see it enough, they just trust it, that's why I'm like fuck it

    I might as well do what I do best

    And that's rip a microphone to shreds

Even the best confessed, at some point in they life, they said

    That I'm the illest, but now they want you to forget

    So I accept the bitter with the sweet, mix it with some heat

    Show them how to emcee, and spit it to a beat

    I can do it in my sleep, nigga

If I'm awake, how the fuck you gon' compete, nigga? The nerve of these niggaz

    I move like my shadow is weightless

    Expose myself like a faceless, plastic surgery patient

    Transmitting from an undisclosed location

    Pirate stations with phantom frequency modulations

    My throat-pistol spit ghost-signals

    And you never get the antidote from me, 'cause I bit you

    Stab you with a jagged crystal, 'cause my energy emit through

    Anything metallic, even a pencil

    Feel the bush burn, turn your cornrow into a good perm

    My flat-feet with no curves squish worms

    The bad news is I got a tight flow

    The good news is I just switched to Geico

    This is Hip-Hop nigga

Listen to the voice go drip-drop nigga  
Swimmers in my saliva river drown when I give it to them  
The hemispheres of my brain got a river through it; gray-matter fluid  
The mic is a spark-plug  
When I grab it, I glow, come with that Edelbrock carburetor flow  
When I yolk back the choke full-throttle and go for broke  
I've become a G.O.A.T. ripper on a positive note  
The width of my rap, too thick to fit through the gap  
The viscosity of my spit lubricates the track  
Touch the VAT-lit screen, illuminate the map  
Show me where you at; show me how you plan to get back  
My navigation better than yours, and even though you the best  
Hip-Hop is my house; you still my guest  
You want more, I give you less  
You want less, I give you more 'til you swimmin' in it up to your neck  
Listen to the words bouncin' off the lungs in my chest  
Hittin' you from every angle like porno-sex  
Still here 'cause the Lord knows best  
Last thing he said to me was, "let them know 'Bis," I'm a let them know this  
Nobody contends with Canibus  
When it comes to rhymes; everybody pales in comparison (Word)  
Nobody compares to Canibus  
Hip-Hop is Yeng, Canibus is Yang to balance it

*[Chorus: Canibus]*  
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All day, everyday, "what did he say?"  
Everybody want to know, "what did you say?"